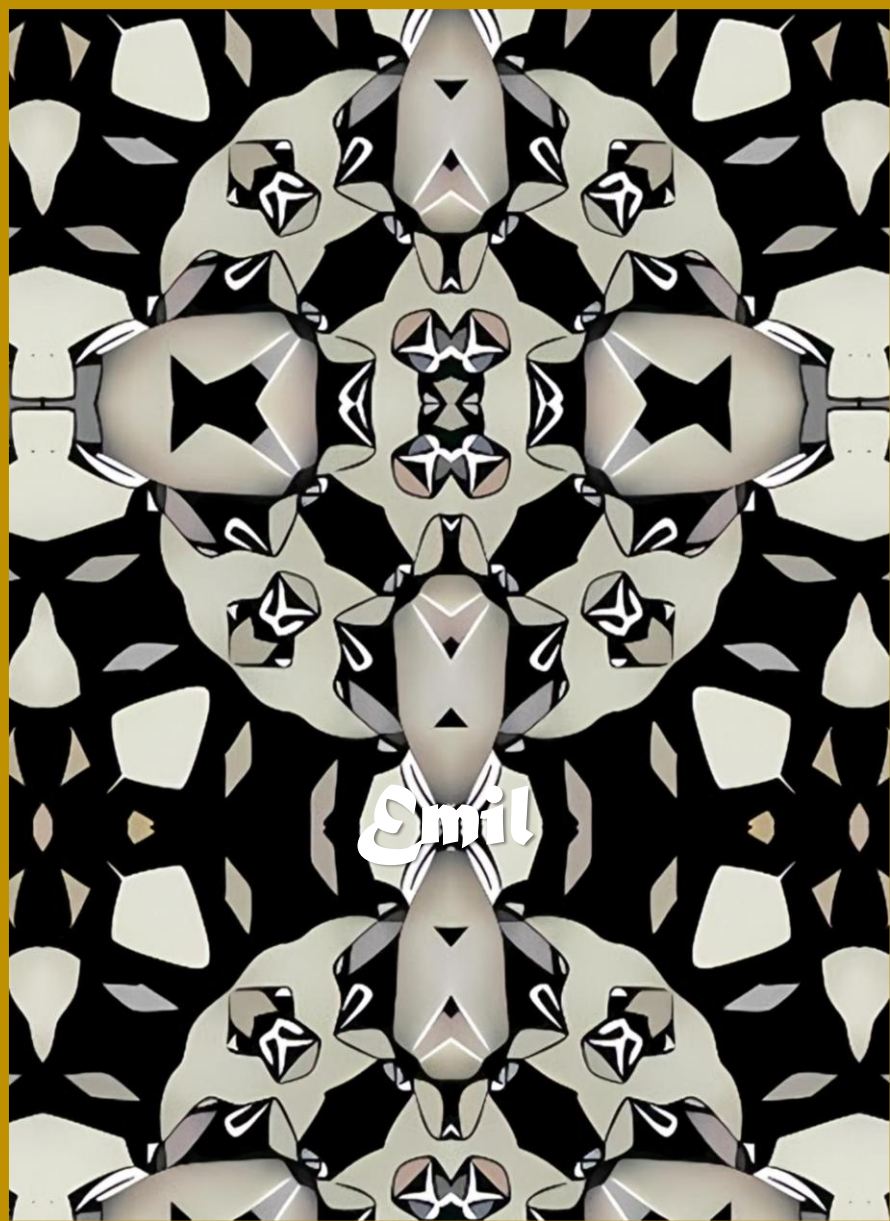
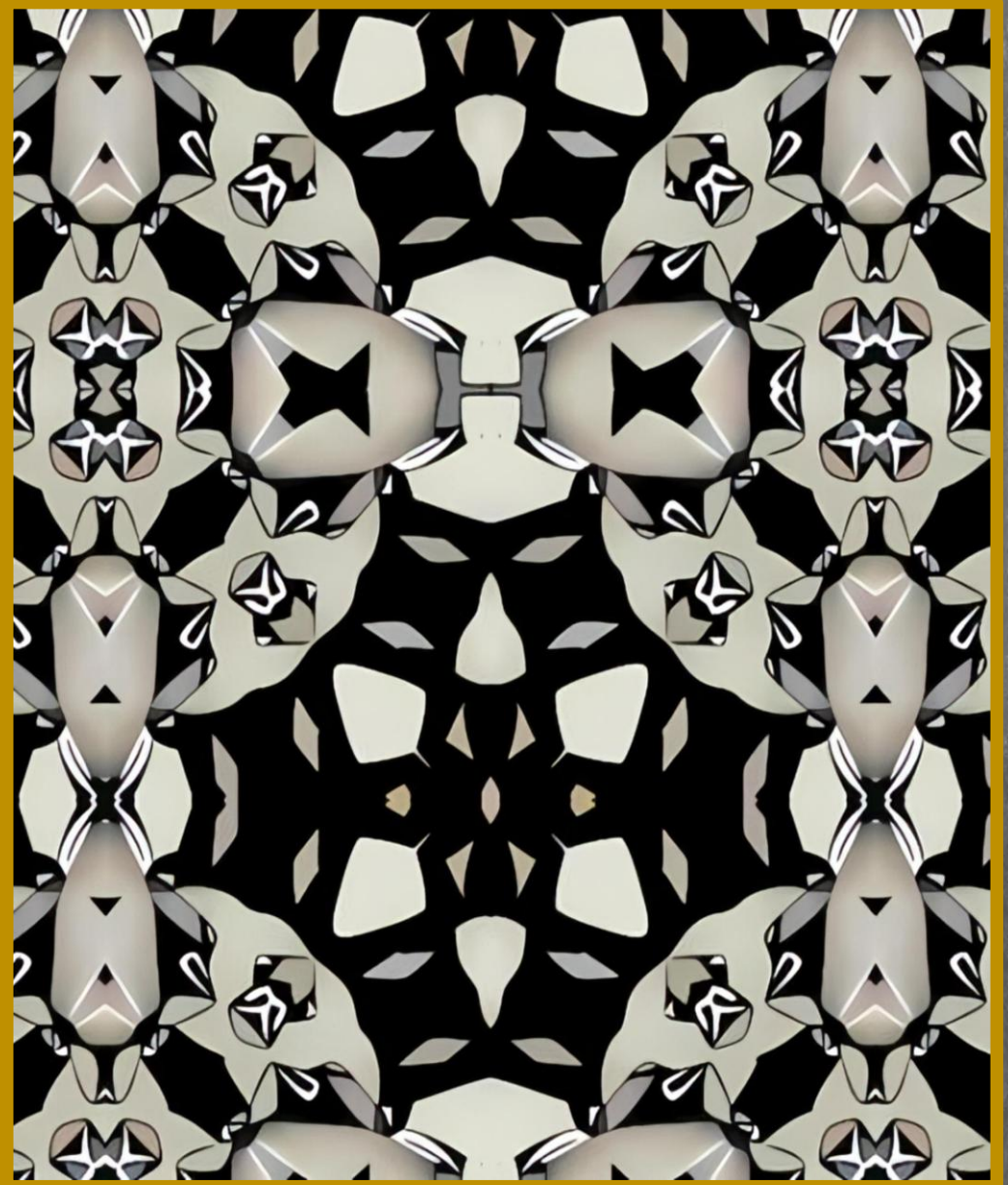
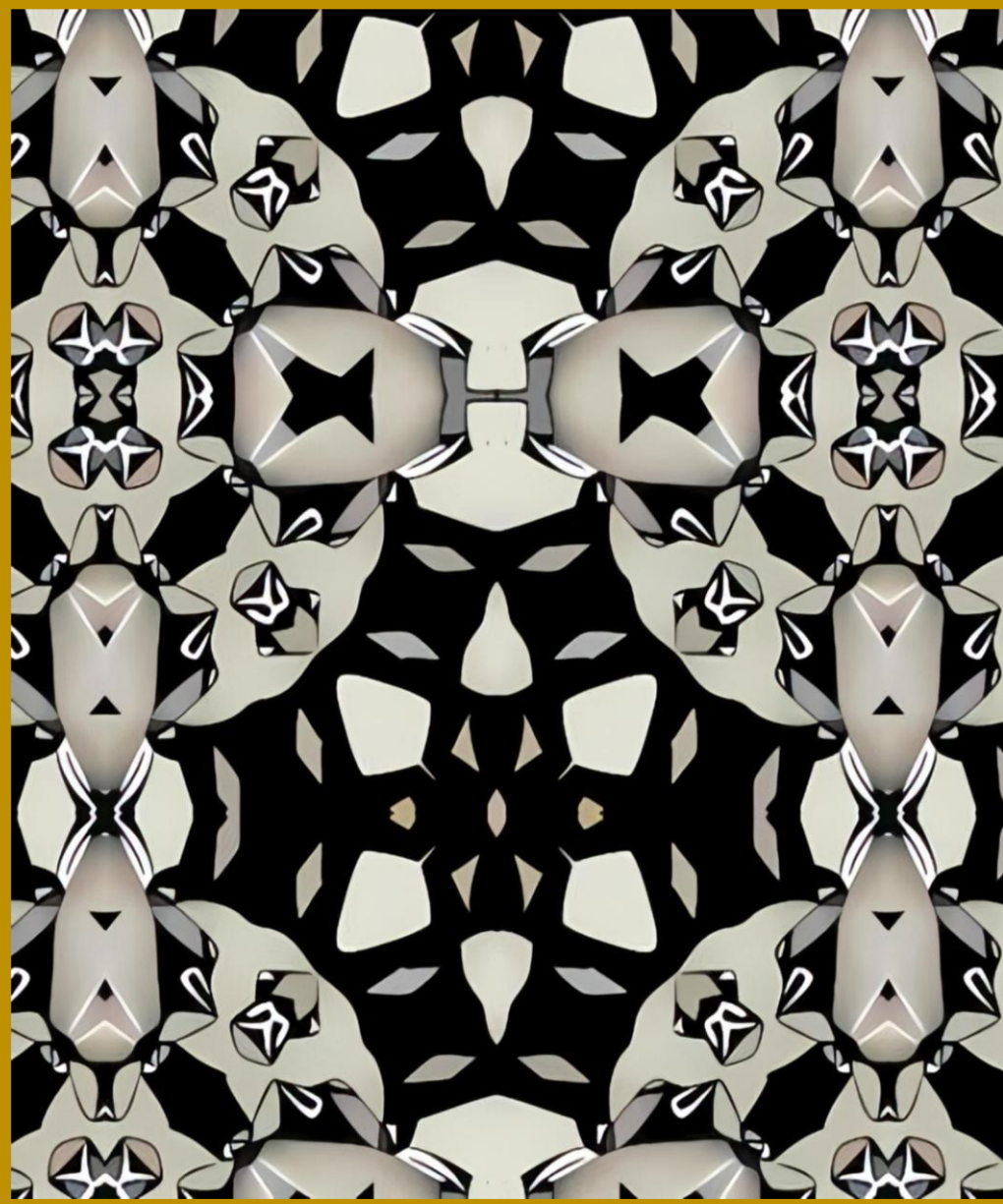
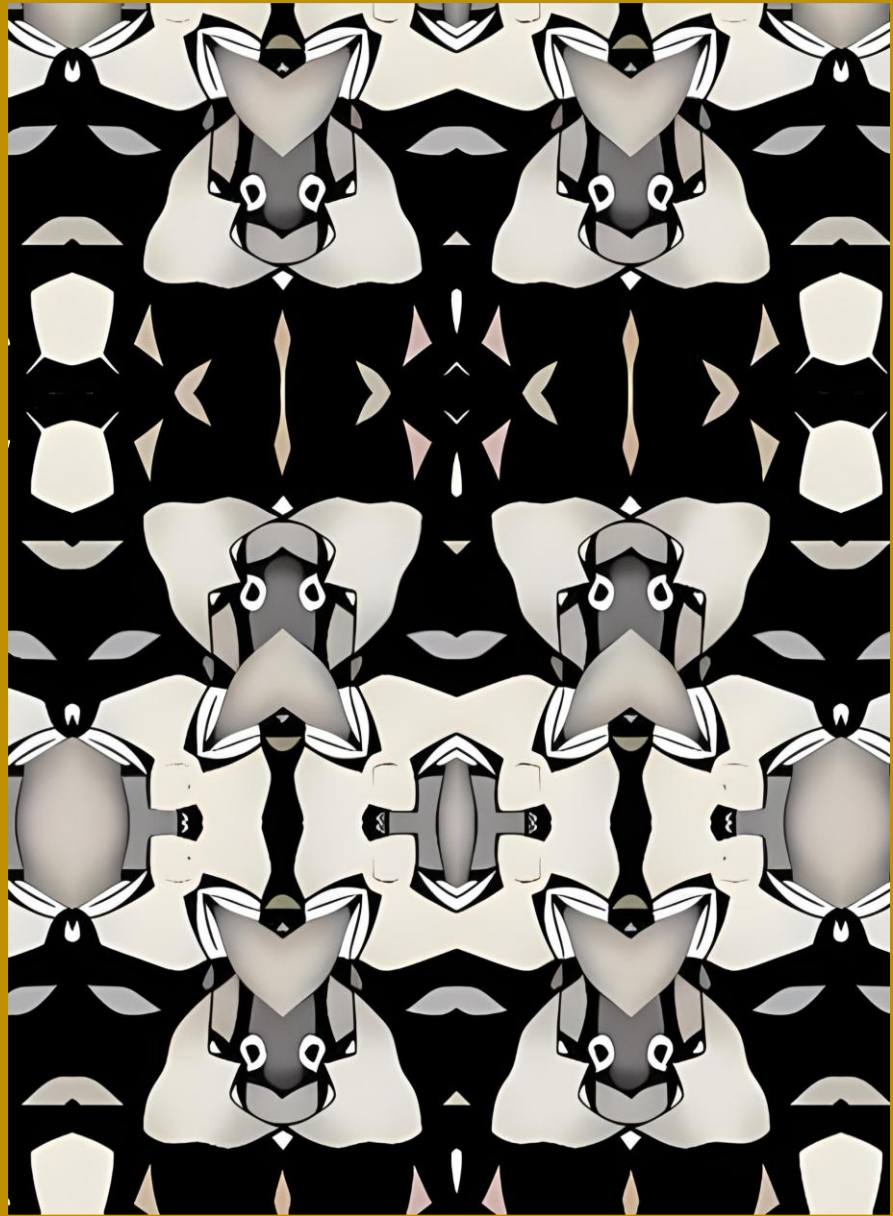




DOCUMENTING THESE REVELATIONS BEFORE THEY FADE 5

GIOVANNI METRO STOP GALLERY
WWWG PRODUCTIONS LTD. SINGAPORE - 2025





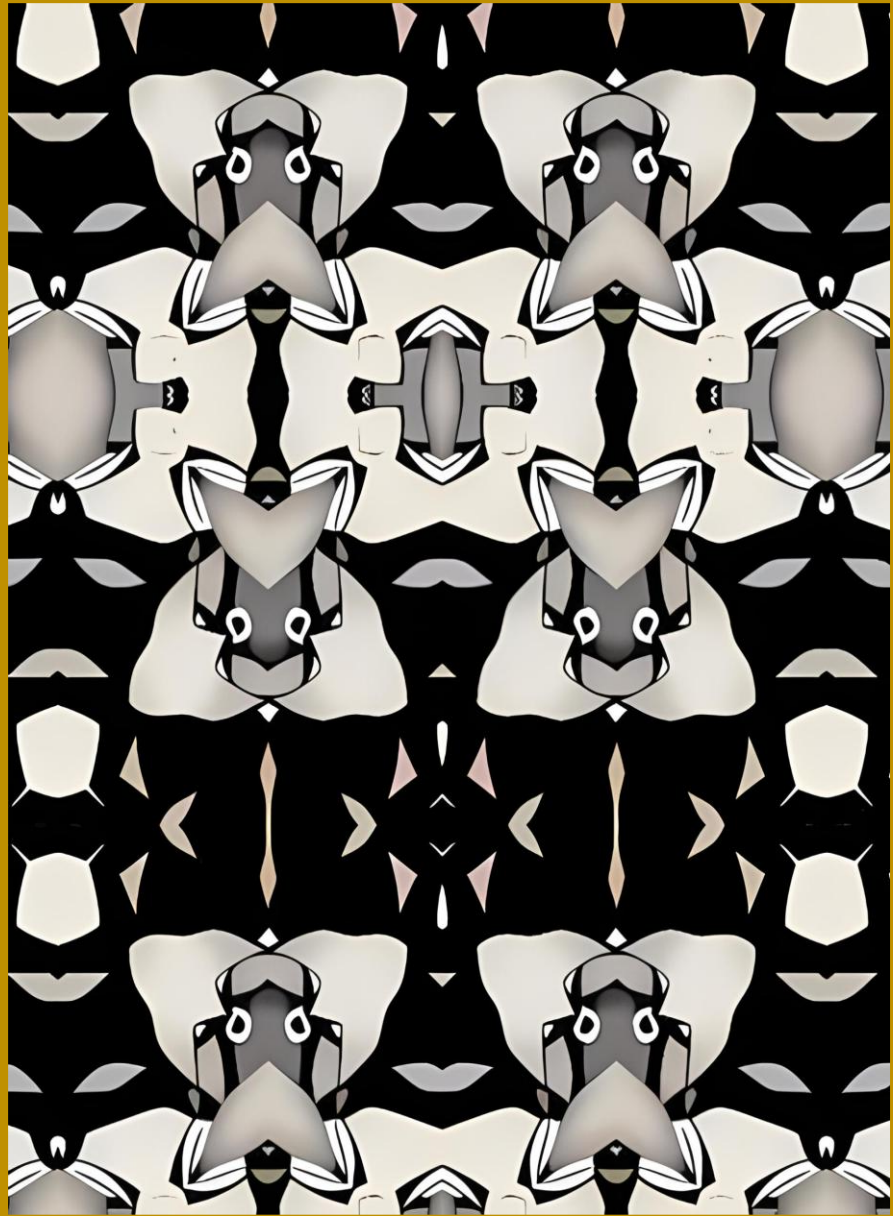
"It might be best for you to keep quiet, as the noise in my head is intensifying, and your incessant chatter is only amplifying the reasons I find you unlikable." I took a moment to gauge her reaction, hoping my words would resonate, but instead, she bulldozed over my objections, raising her voice to an even more frenzied level, drowning me out completely.

Ultimately, I found myself escaping the familiar and inviting atmosphere of the renowned KitKat Gentlemen's Lounge and Laundromat, only to be trailed by a woman who was shouting as I stepped out onto the street.

My progress was abruptly halted by the infuriating "no walk" signal, forcing me to pause and endure this uncomfortable exchange with someone I could only describe as Mother Teresa.

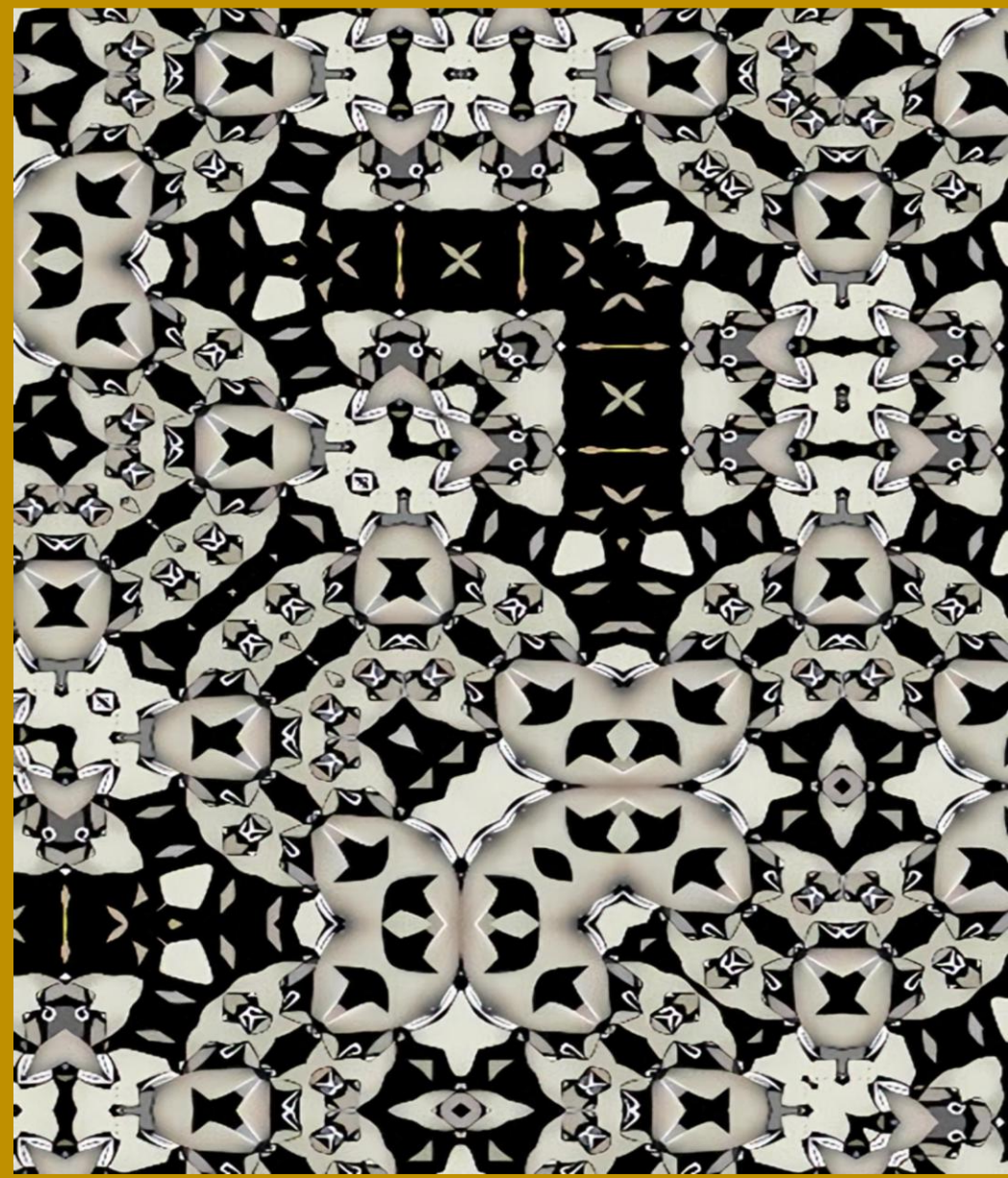
As I stood there, anxiously awaiting the light to

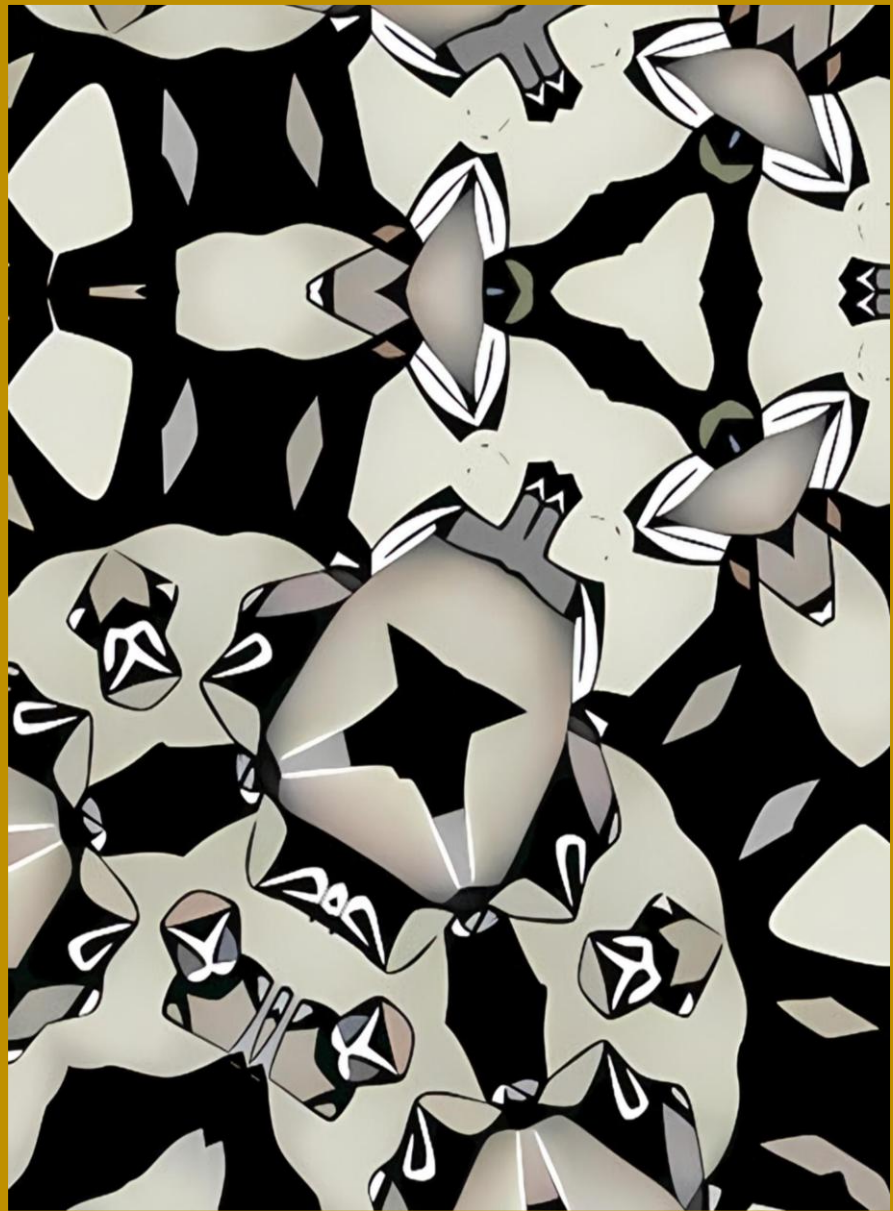




change so I could make my getaway, I couldn't help but add, "I understand that you come from a place of poverty, but it's widely recognized that even in the most destitute areas of the Calcutta Slums, people manage to sell combs. Considering you were about to appear on Global TV with the United Nations, it might have crossed your mind to tidy up your hair a bit."

It seems that my comment didn't sit well with her, and I have to confess that I was completely caught off guard by her reaction. Before I even realized what was happening, her left fist connected with my face, and I found myself sprawled on the ground, perilously close to the edge of the road. As I lay there, I struggled to understand how my sincere words had been misinterpreted so drastically, leaving me bewildered and nursing my bruised ego.





The concept of Gandhi's non-violent movement seemed to have been discarded into the annals of history, and in that moment, I recognized the true essence of the woman with disheveled hair. As she looked down at me, she chastised me for my perceived insolence in addressing her, portraying herself as a victim of my supposed disrespect. With an air of triumph, she then strode back into the KitKat Gentlemen's Club and Laundromat, reminiscent of a hero returning from battle.

The overwhelming agreement among the gathered spectators was palpable, with some even going so far as to threaten further humiliation before flocking to the bar to celebrate her triumphant victory over what they derisively labeled a thought hooligan—an insult often hurled at the once-marginalized Jesuits of truth. As I lay there, my right eye nearly swollen shut, a



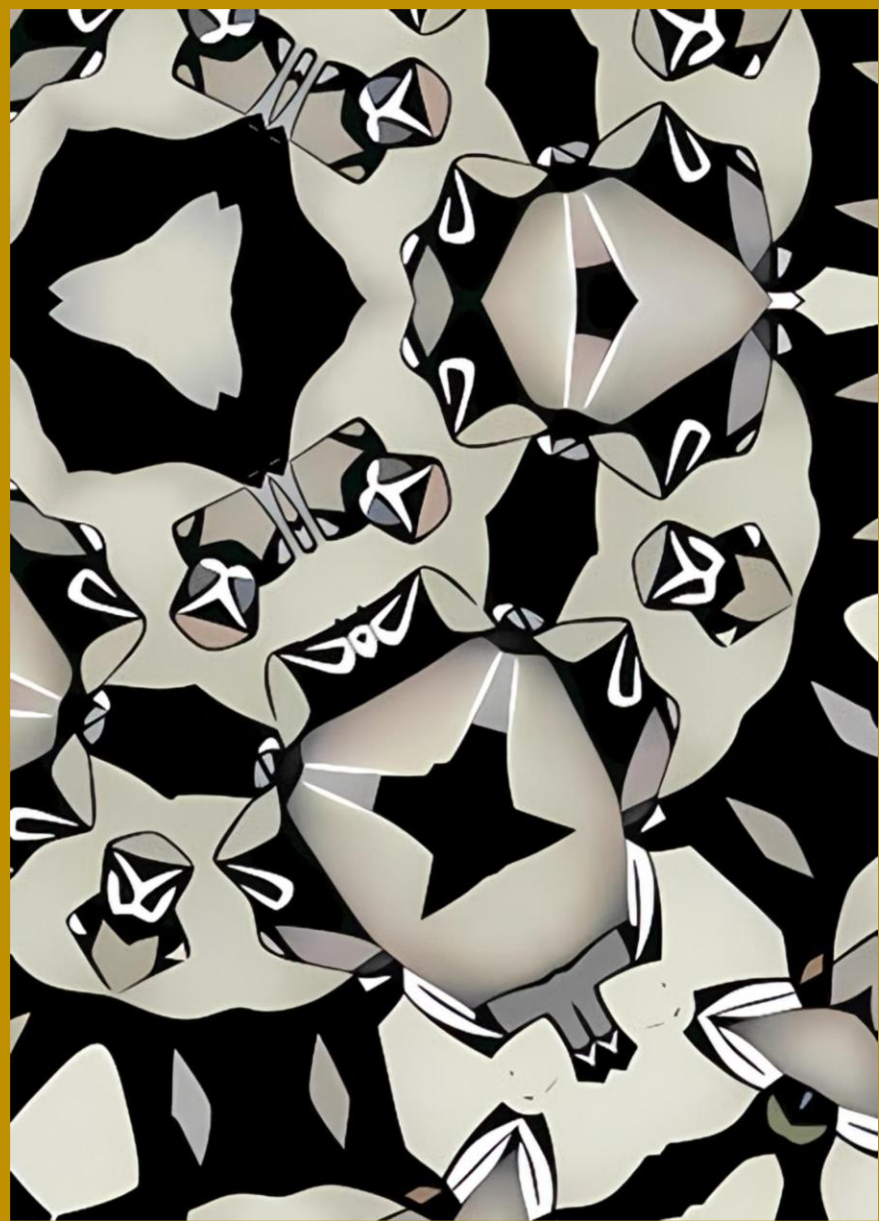


painful reminder of my bruised ego from being bested by a seemingly frail elderly woman who wasn't even a local, I found myself lost in a haze of contemplation, grappling with the notions of redemption and the desire for revenge.

The elderly man slowly shook his head, and I sensed he was trying to steer me away from pursuing my intentions. He warned me, "You won't find any support here; even the courts will favor a fragile, elderly woman of faith over a rebellious troublemaker like you. Trust me, the best outcome for you would be a stint behind bars!"

Steeled by the honesty of the elderly man's remarks, I prepared myself for the inevitable reality of being forever labeled as the individual whom Mother Teresa had bested. As my awareness gradually returned, I slowly pushed

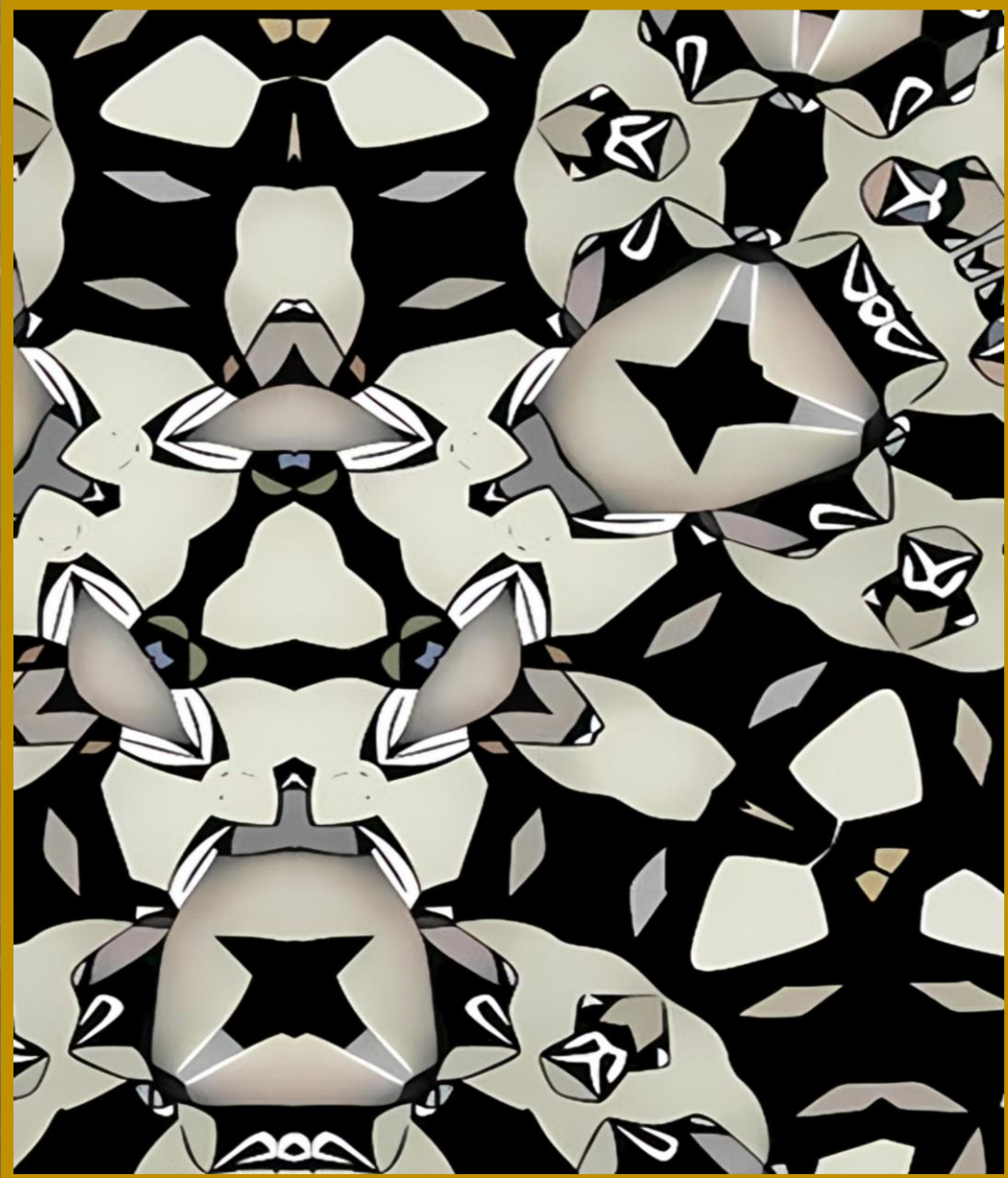
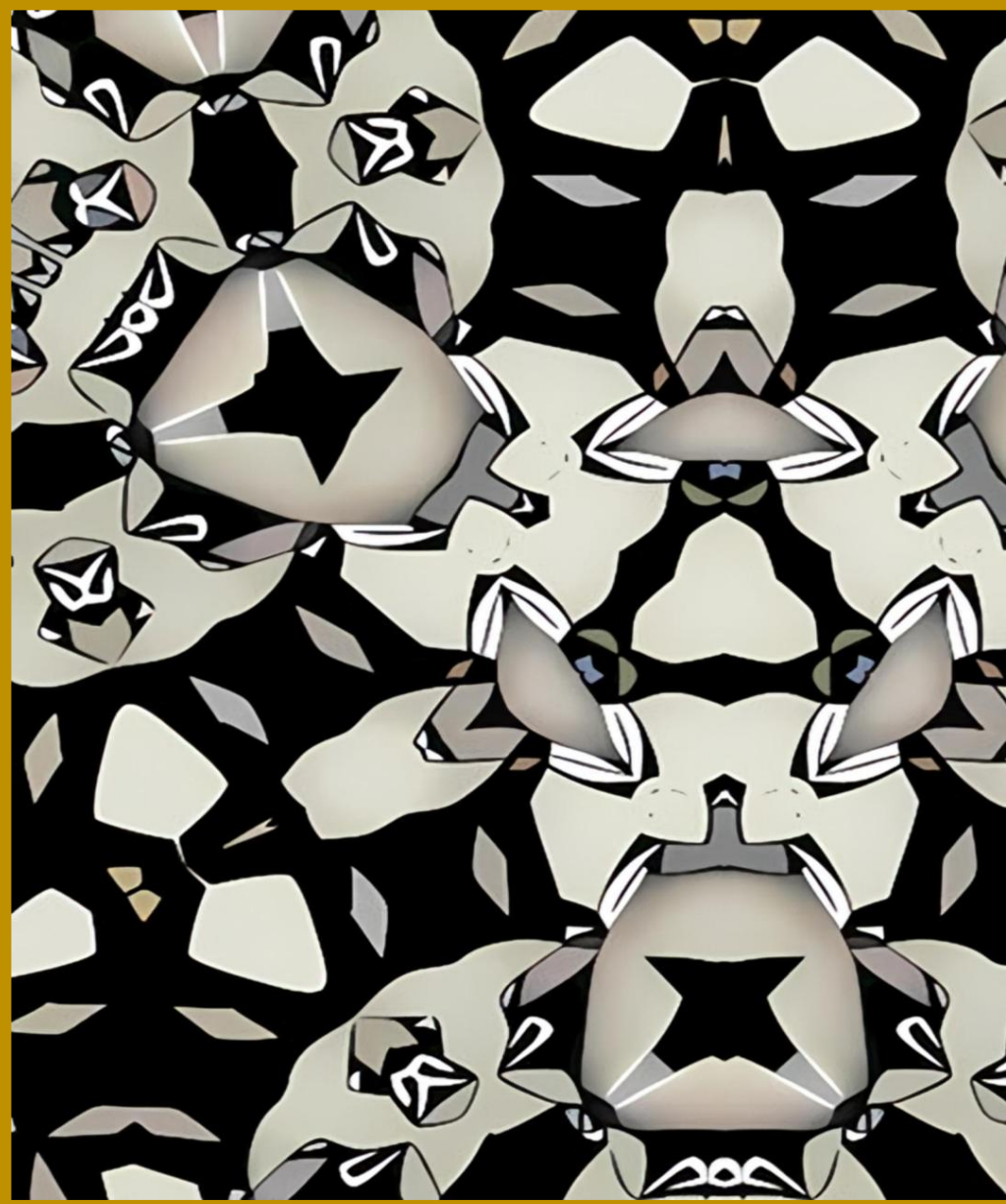




myself up from the ground, making an effort to gather the scattered remnants of my belongings: the ginger-weed cigarettes, my reporter's pencil, my reliable old jackknife—which I distinctly recalled clutching as I tumbled down—and the handful of Gold Dinar coins that constituted the bulk of my life's savings, all of which had spilled from my jacket pockets during my fall.

The elderly man waved me off, presenting me with a choice: I could dismiss our brief interaction and head back to my small, rented room, where the plastic windows let in the chill of the outside air, or I could make my way back to the famous KitKat to numb my senses once again.

As I settled onto a barstool, I shared my thoughts with the bartender, who poured me another glass of his homemade Cuban rum, concocted in a bathtub that supposedly belonged to the lounge

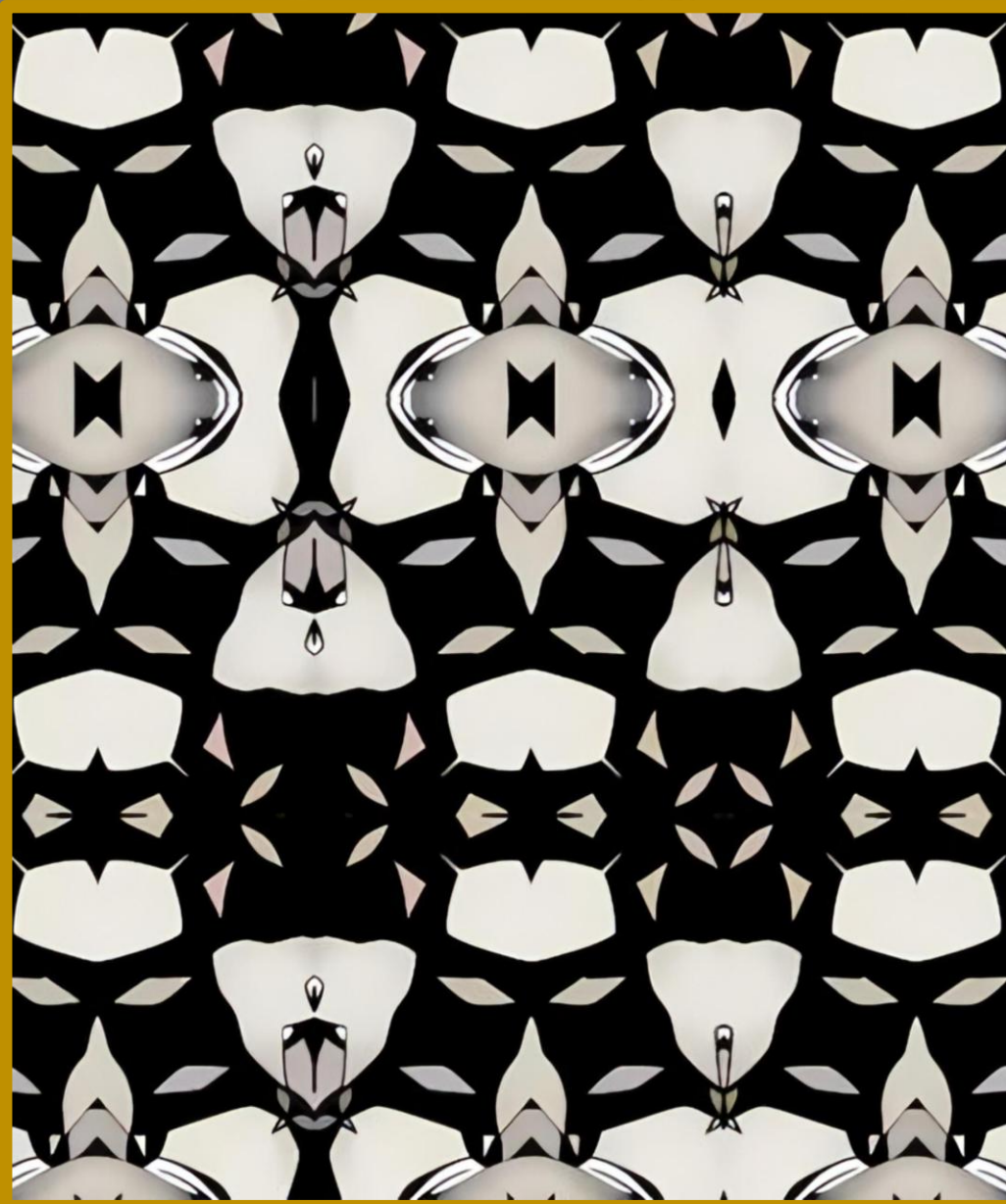




owner's girlfriend—yes, the one with that unsightly rash. I found myself trying to reclaim the peace I once felt before life took a chaotic turn, though I couldn't shake the feeling that it might take several more drinks to reach that elusive state of calm.

- Emil, 2025





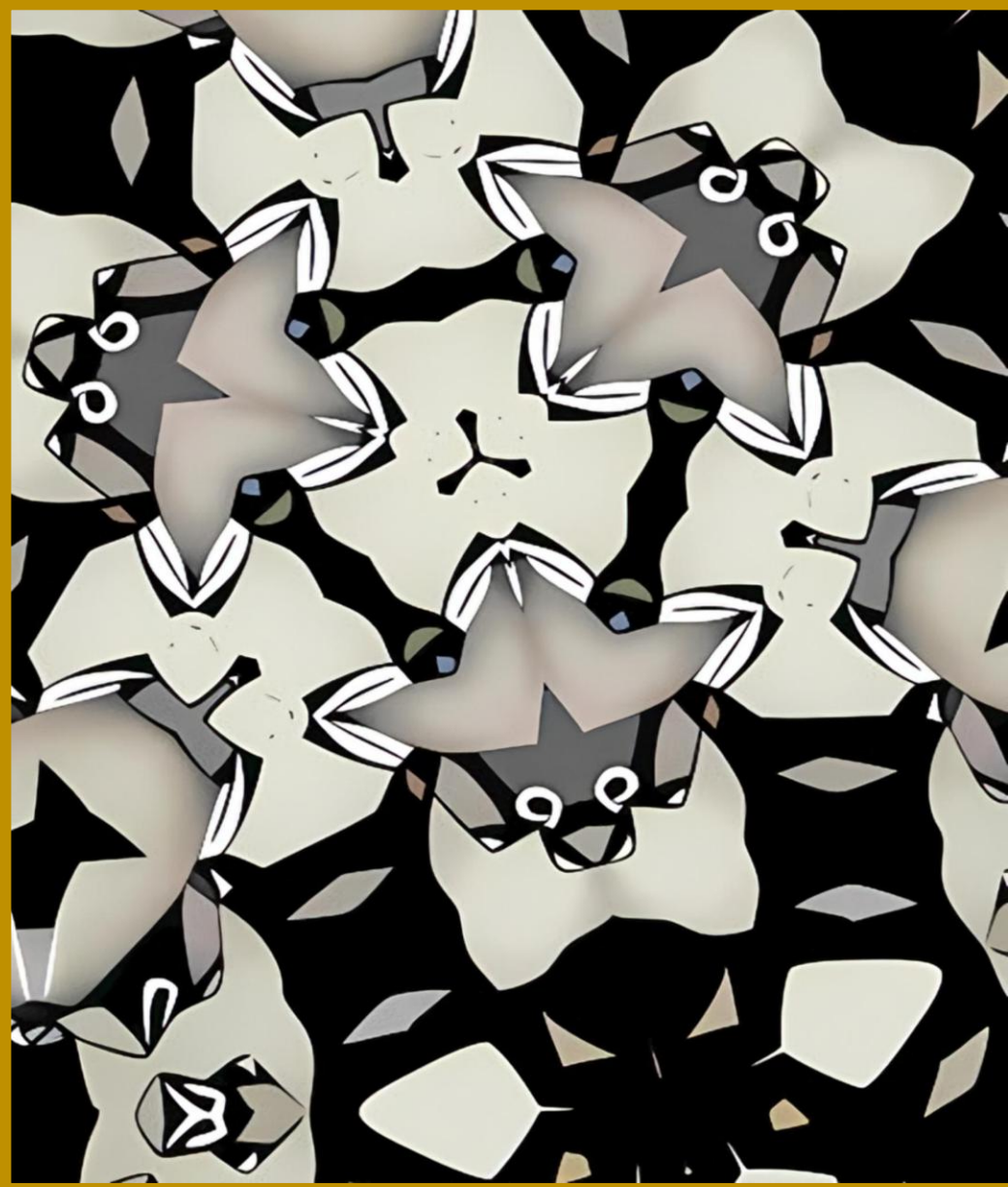


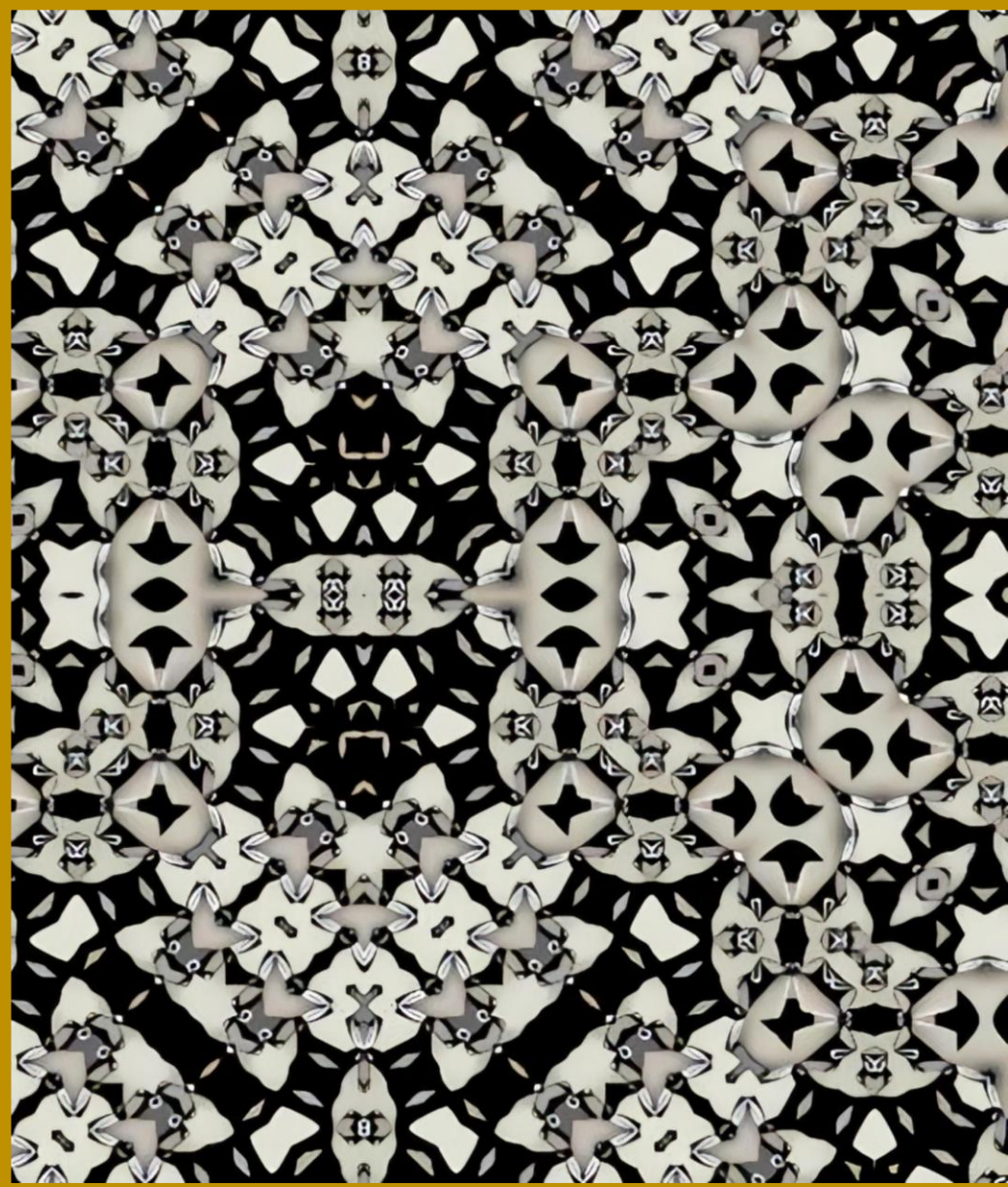




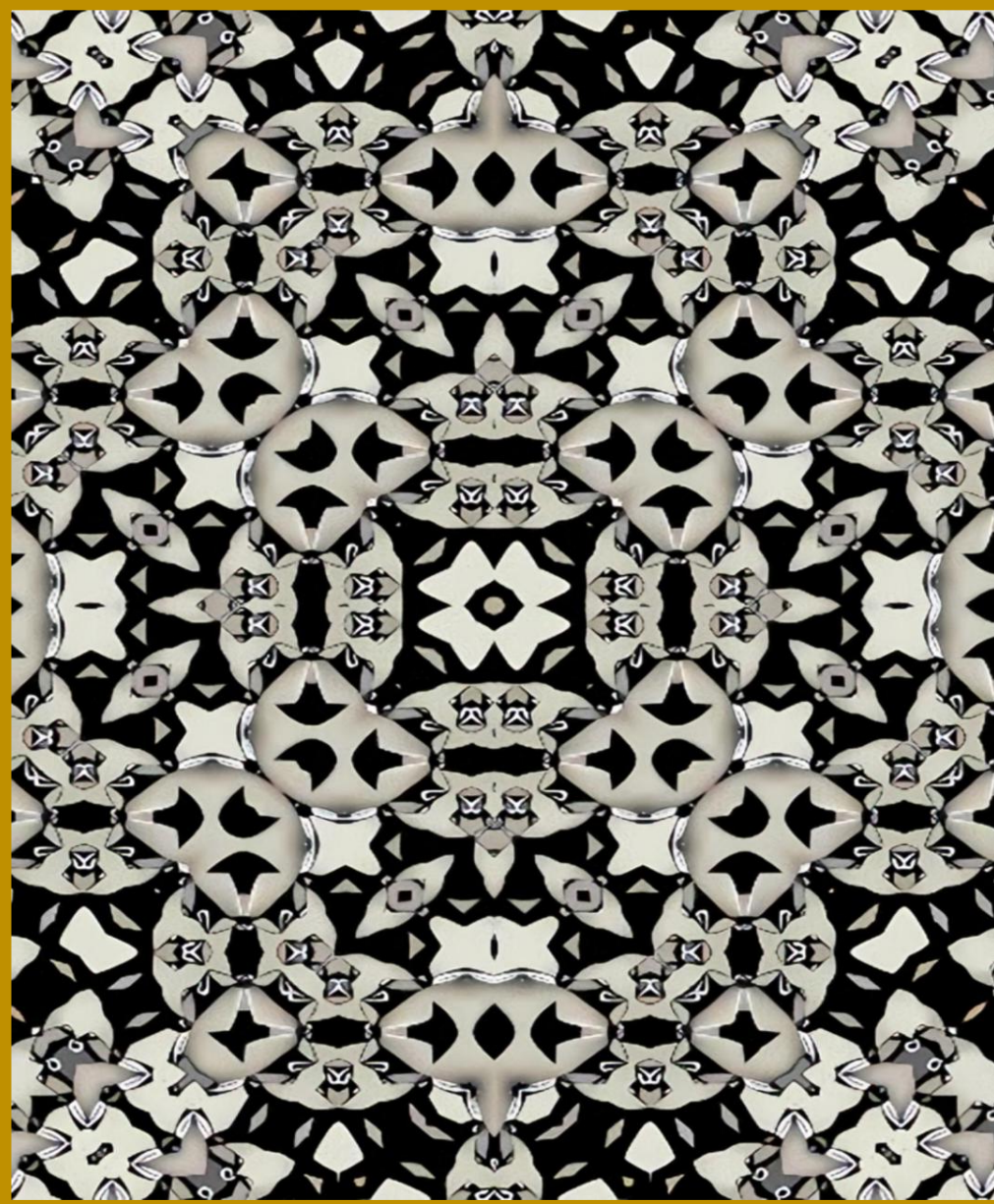








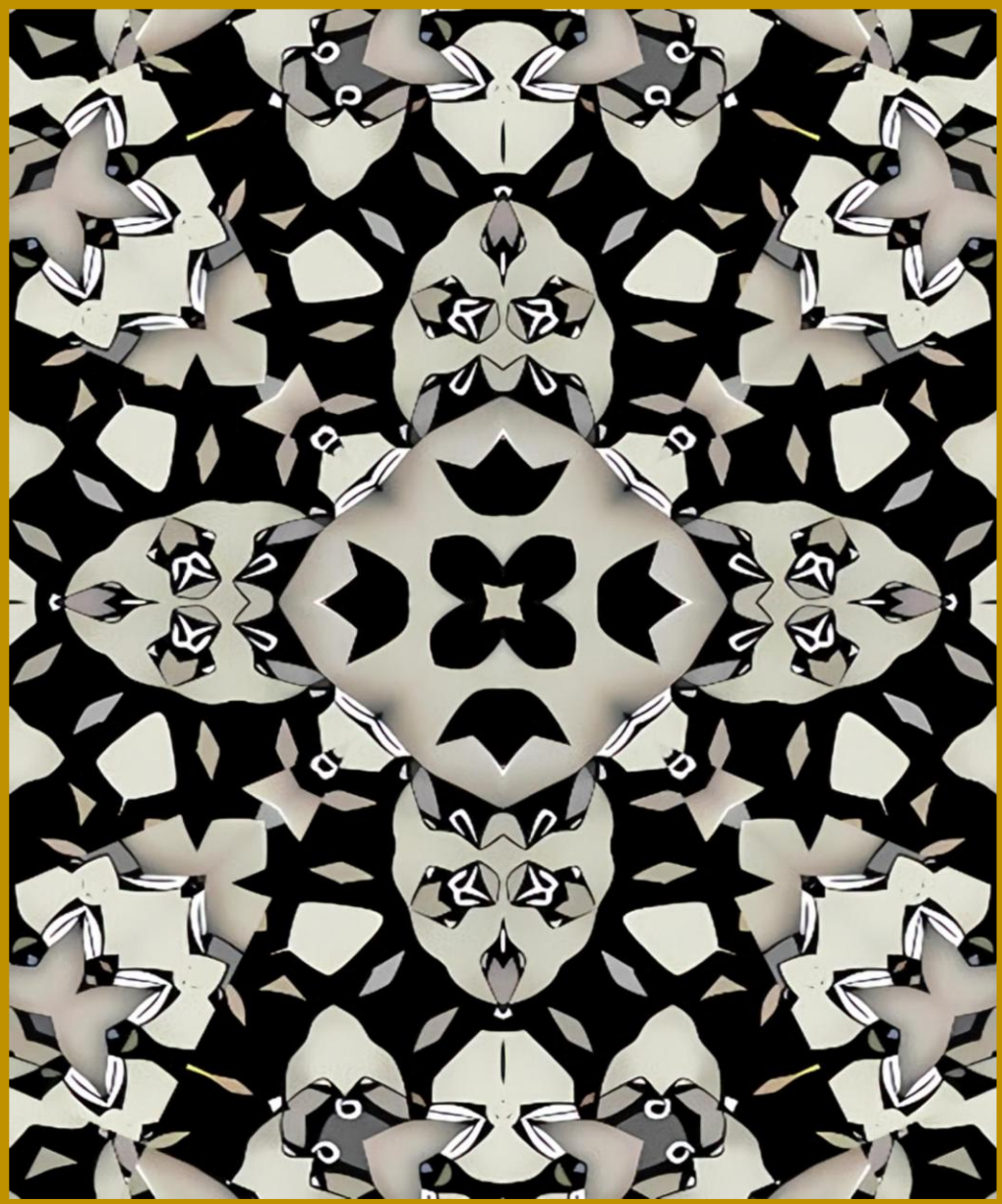






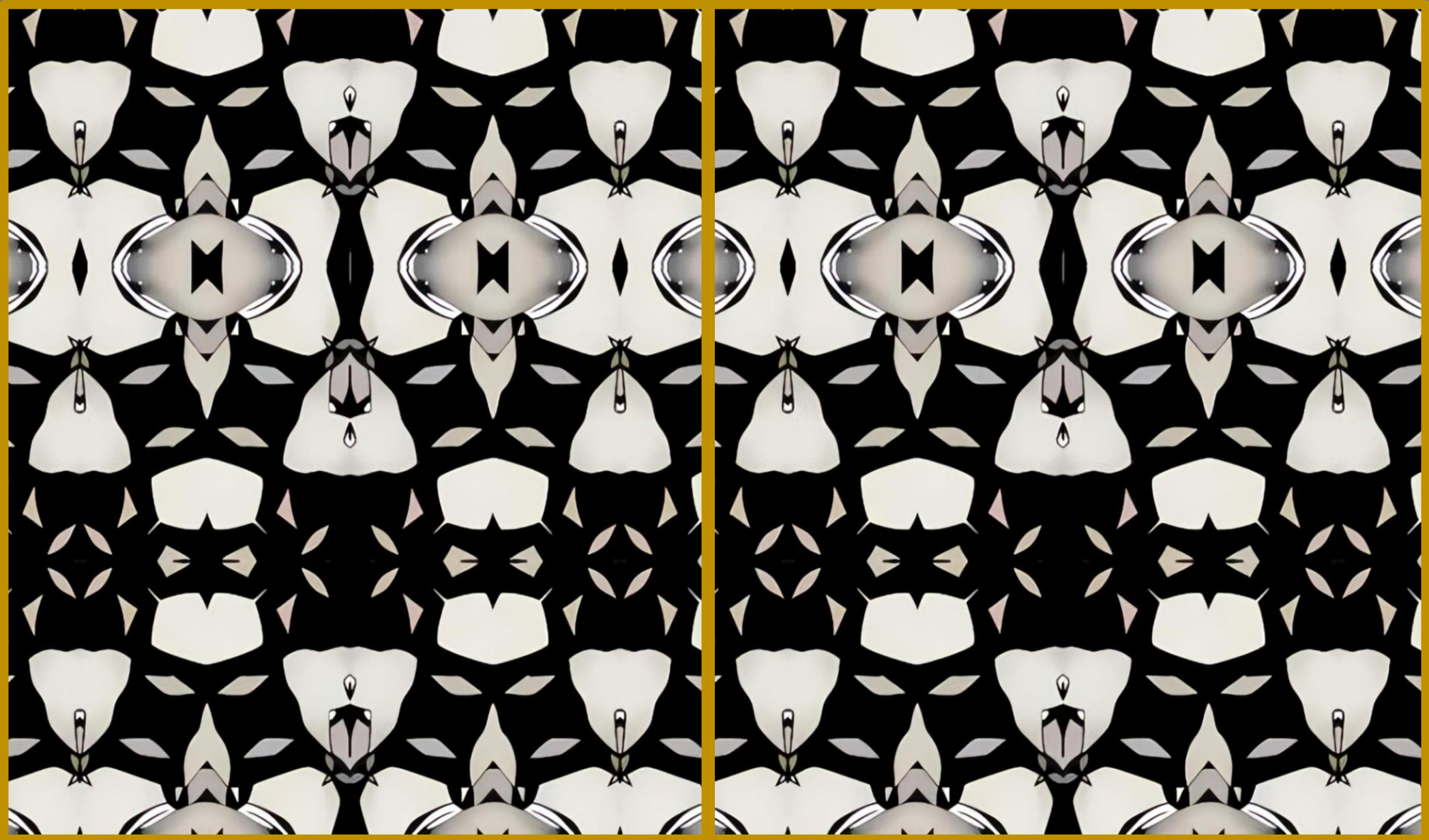


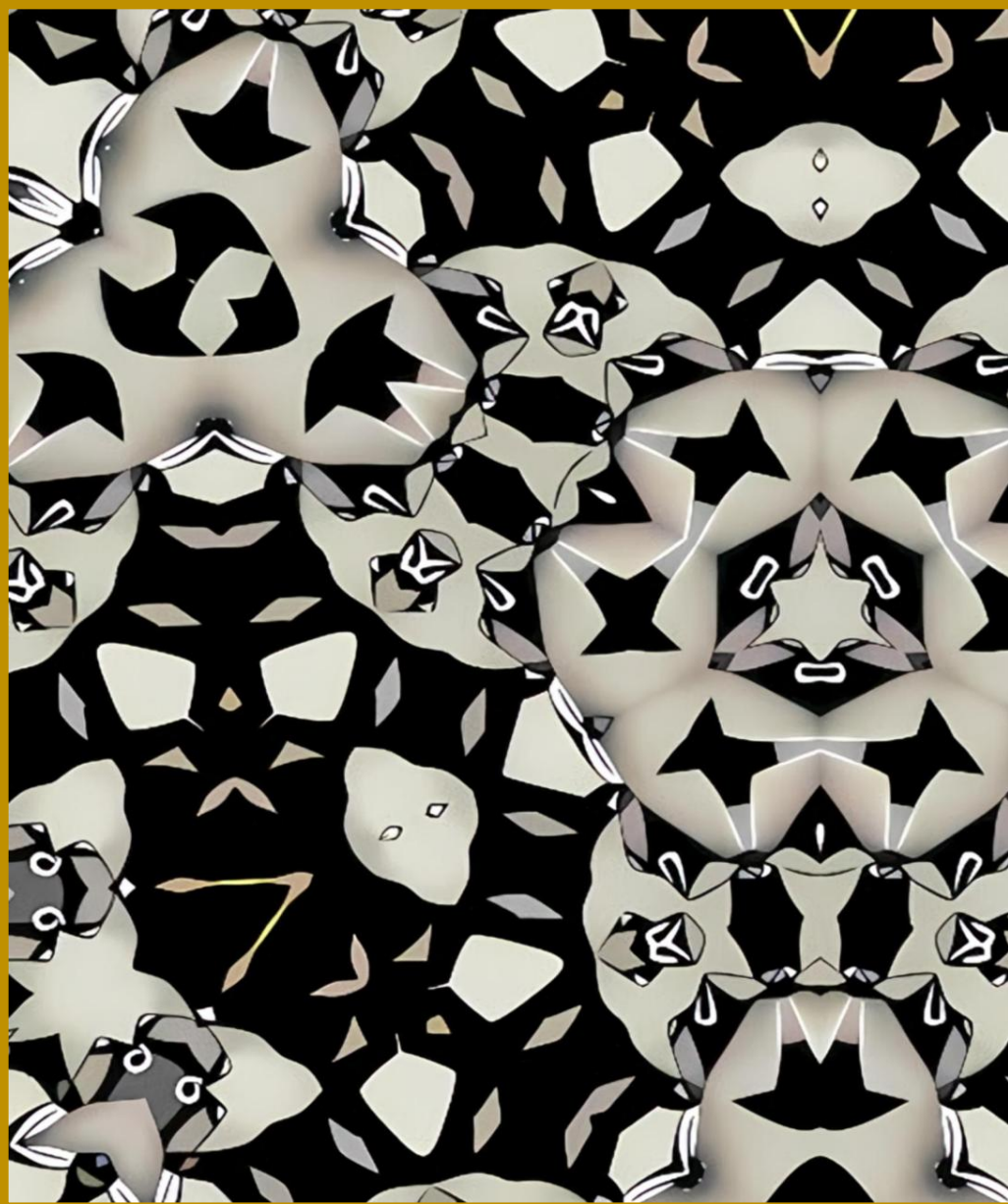




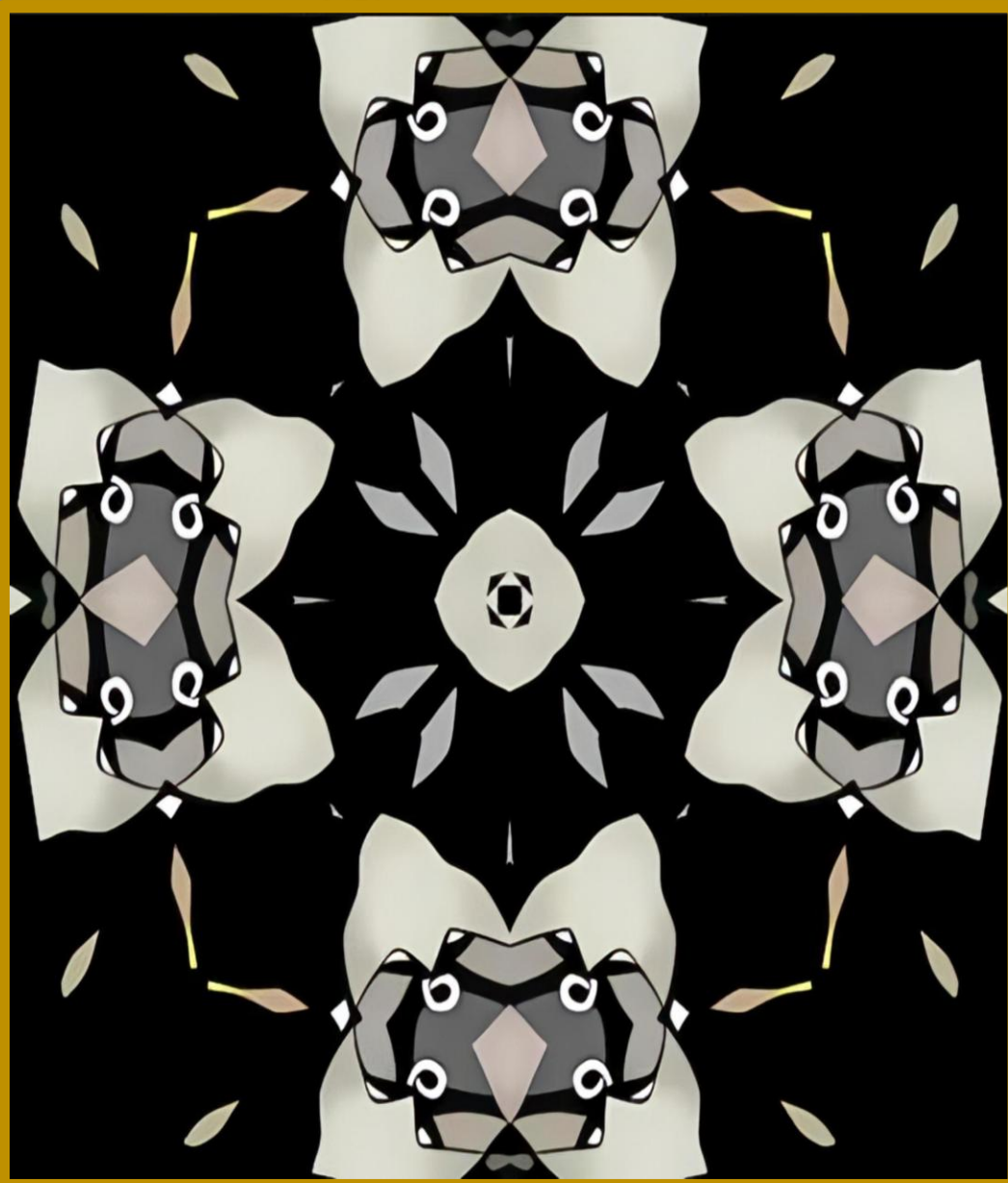
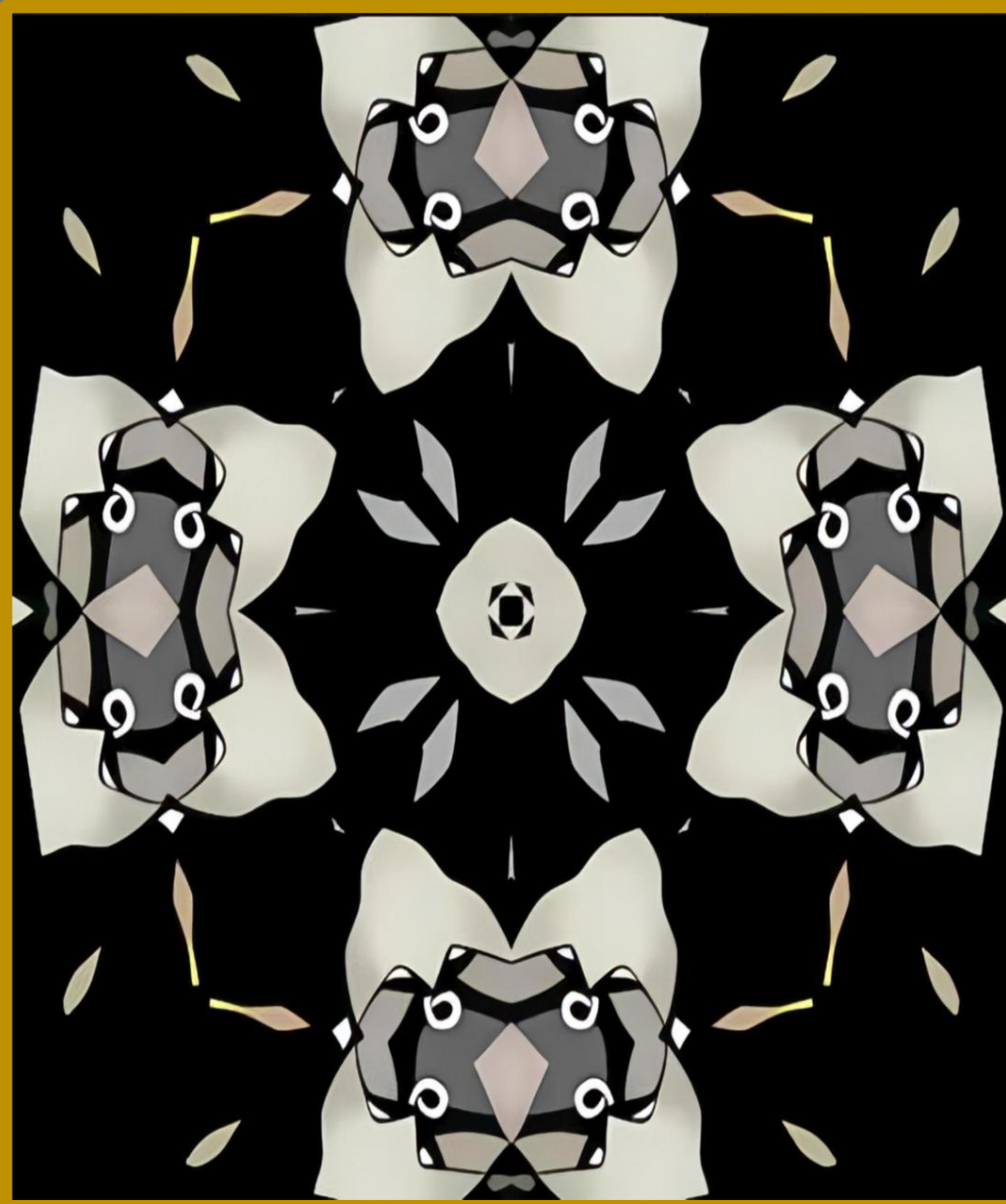


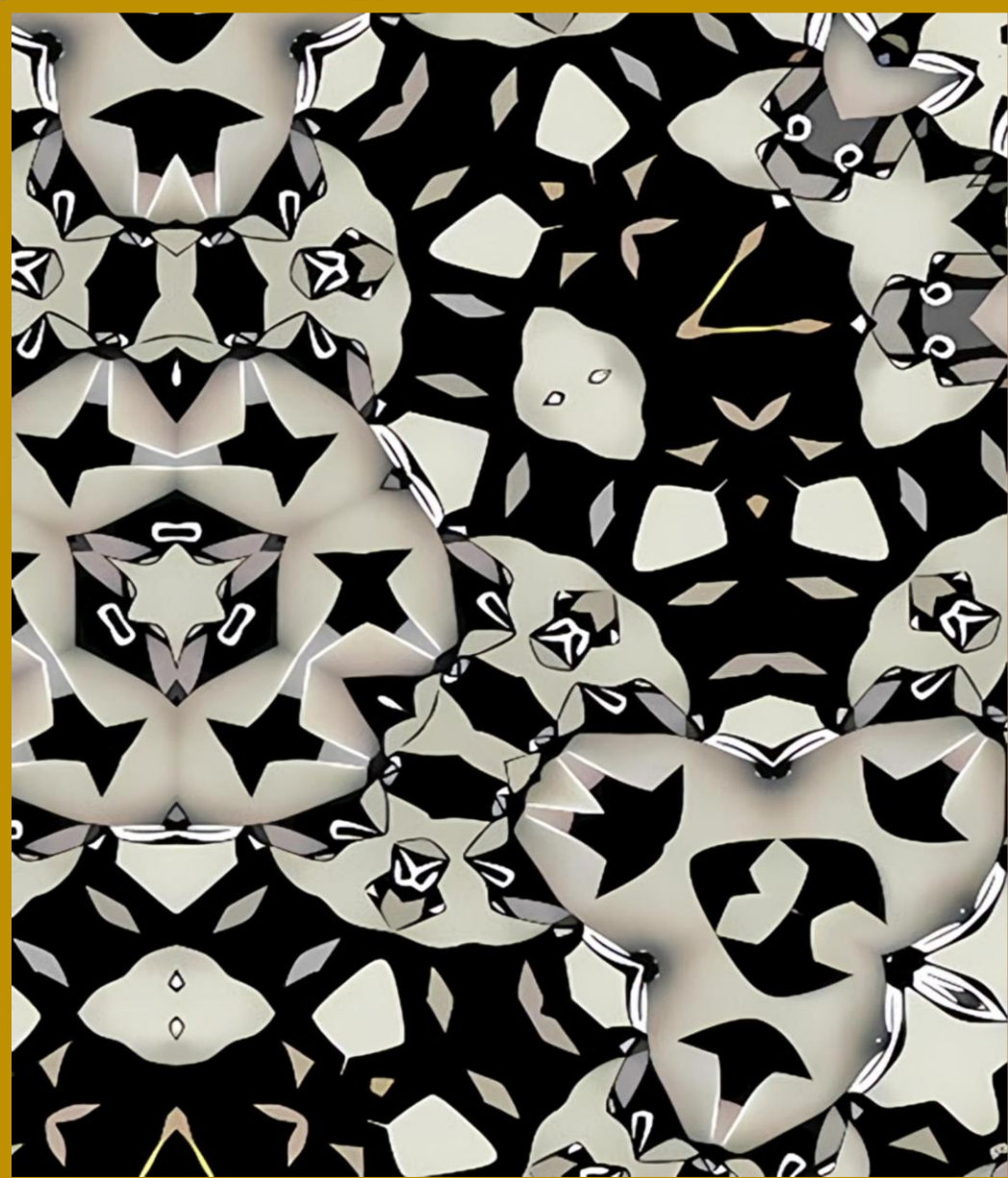
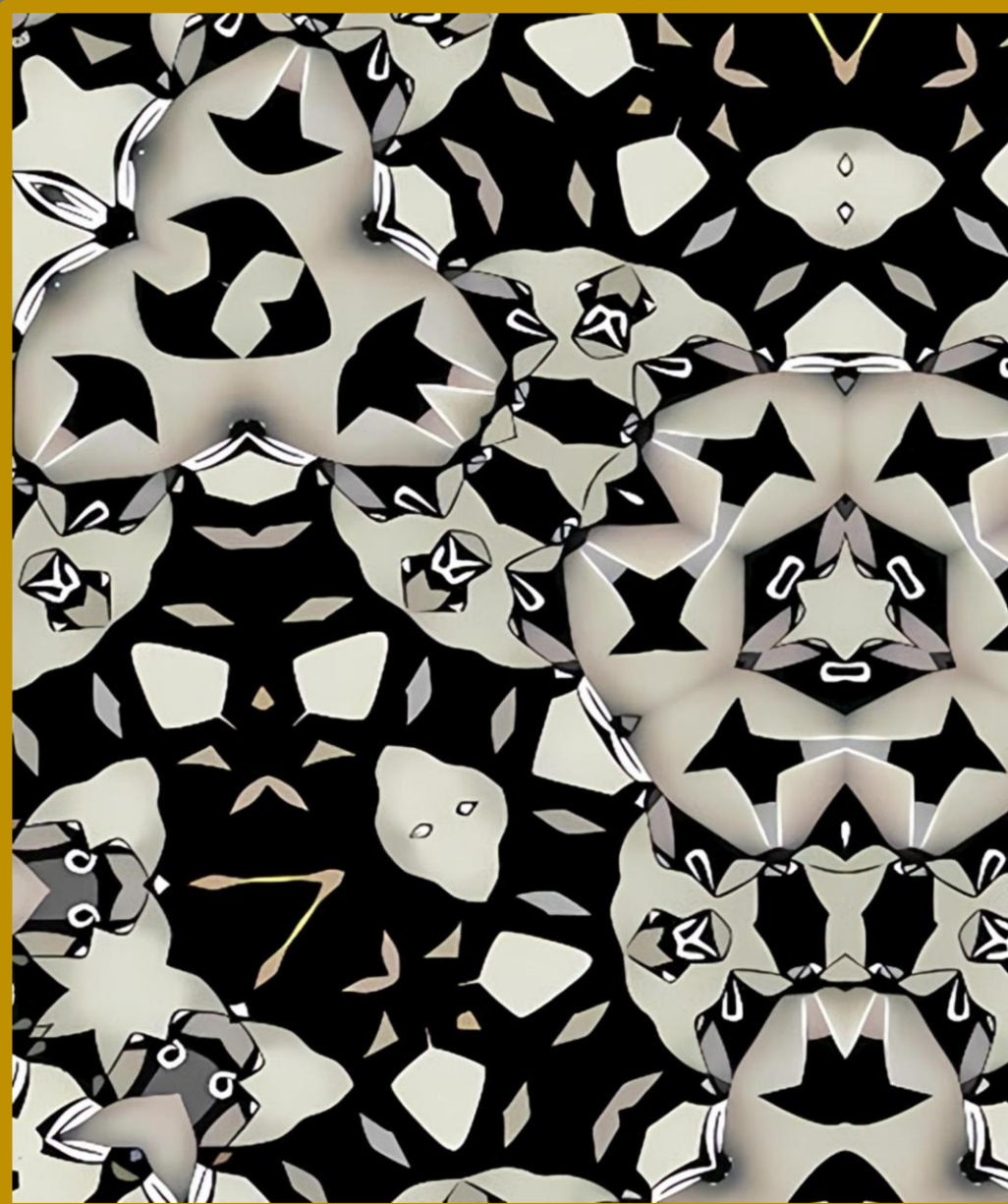


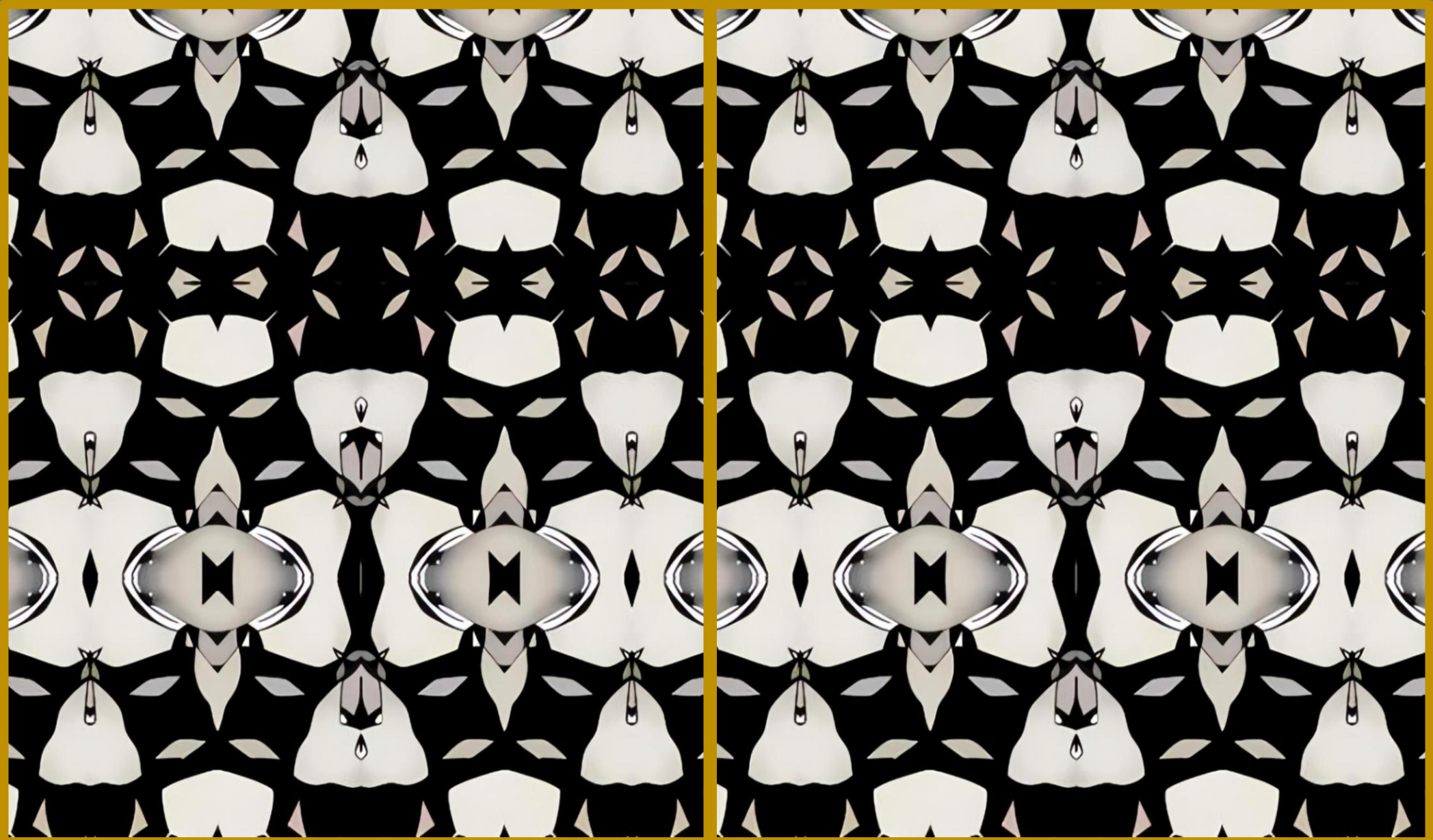










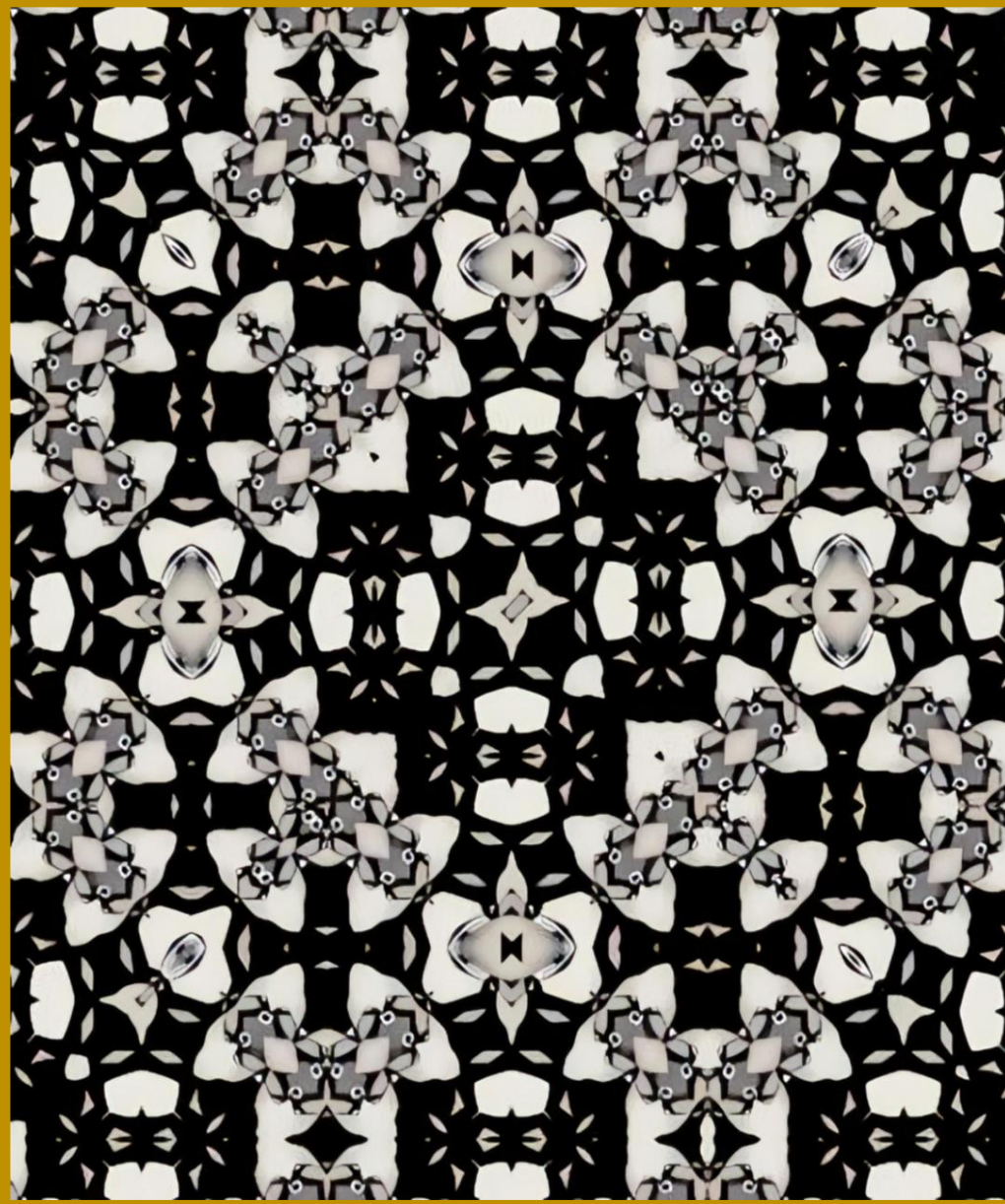


















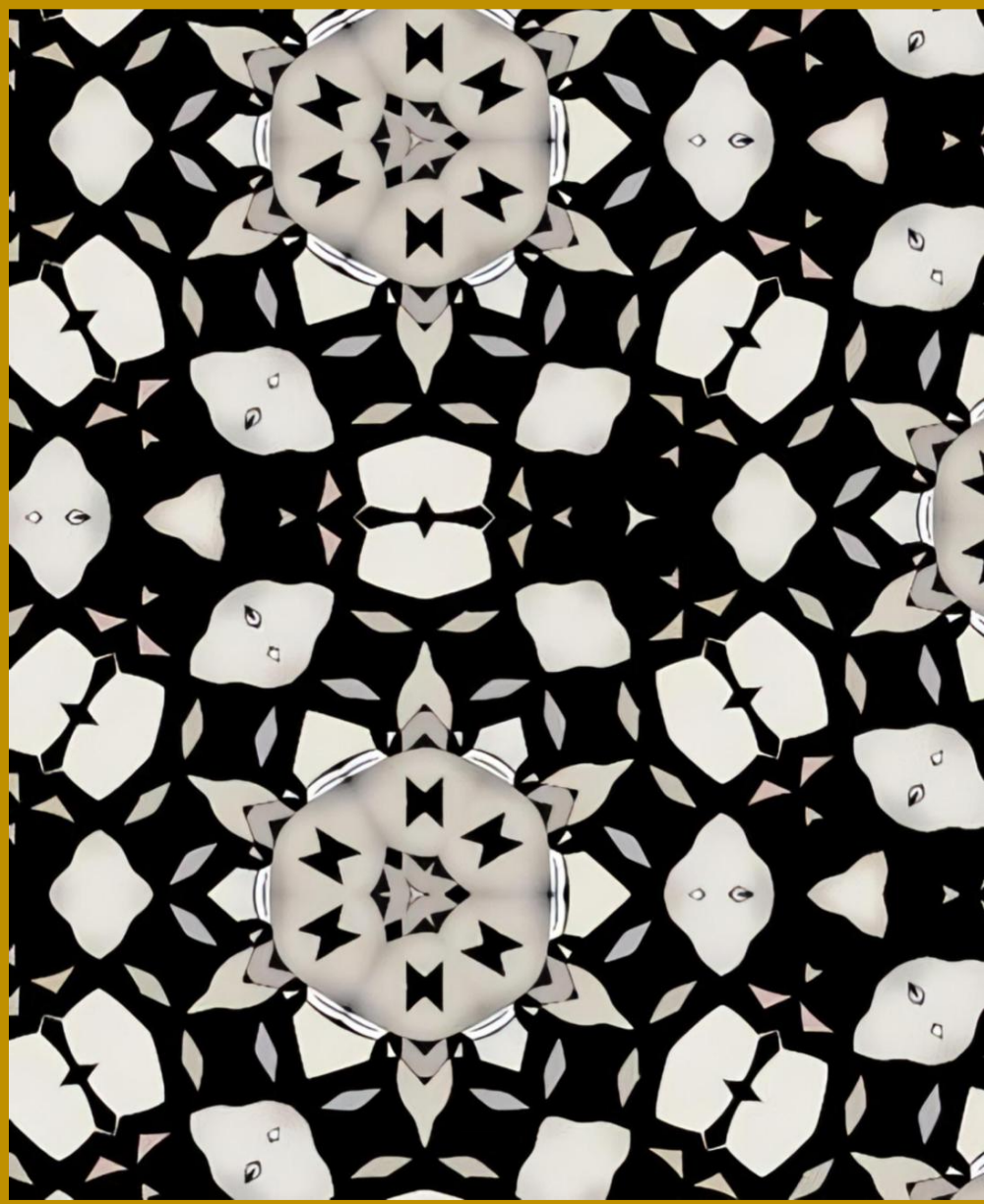
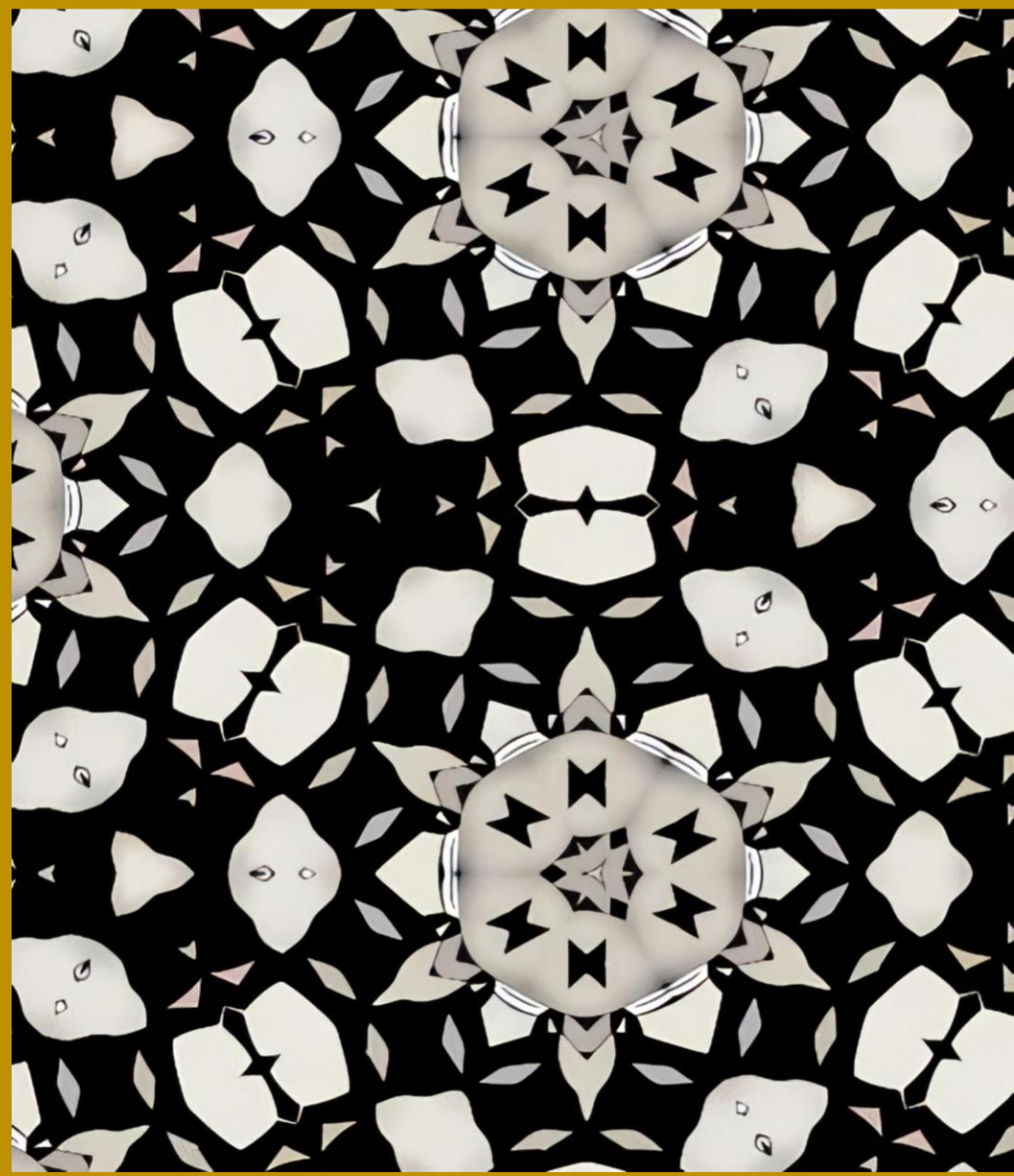


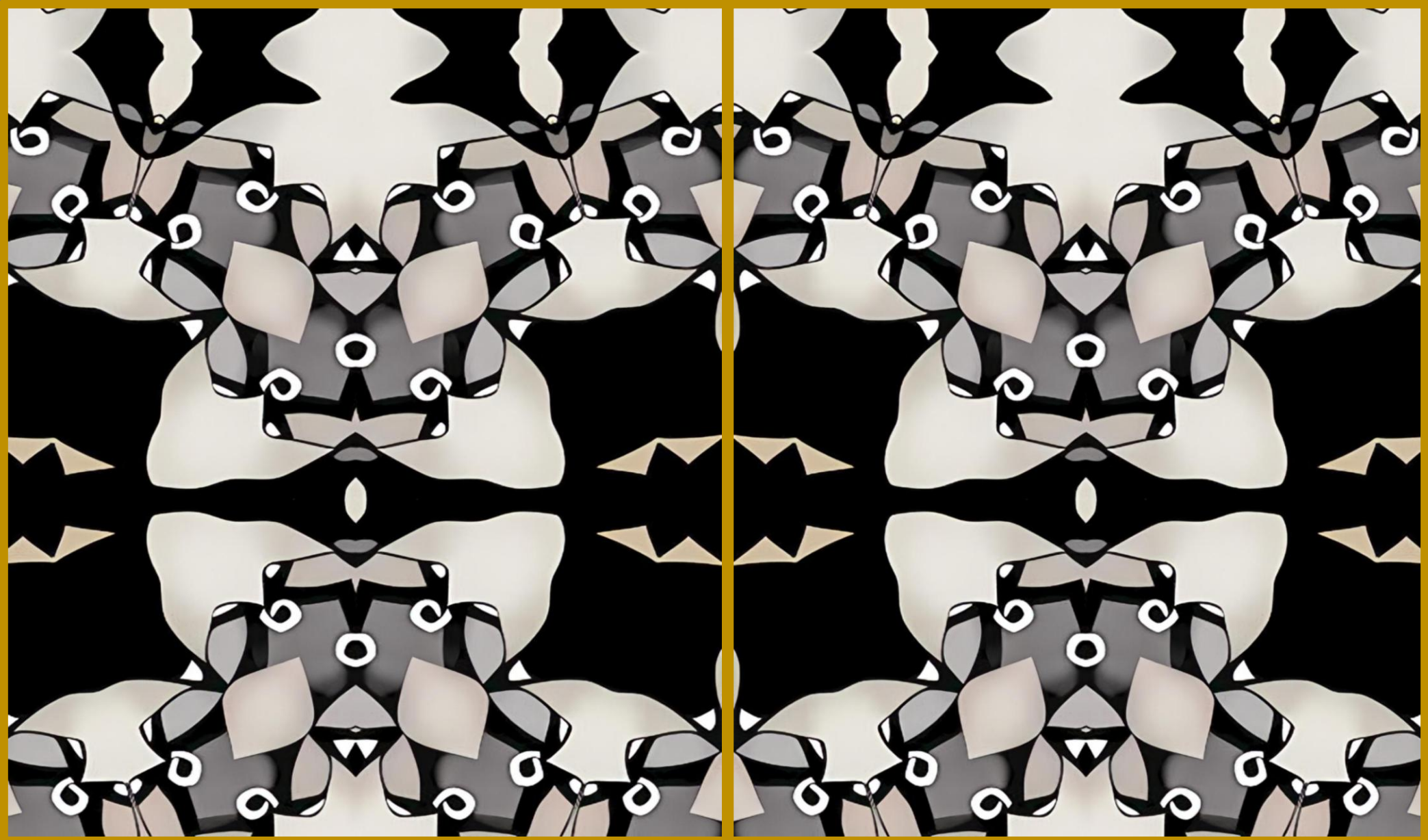








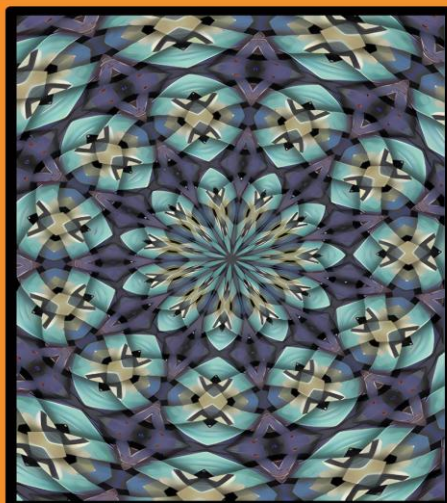






DOCUMENTING THESE REVELATIONS BEFORE THEY FADE 3

GIOVANNI METRO STOP GALLERY
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MISTER GREEN JEAN'S **SECRET STASH** TRAVELING ART SHOW February 12-16th, 2025



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positing that the newly presented evidence lends
credence to the existence and subsequent
destruction of a hypothesized tenth planet within
our solar system, often referred to as the 'Water'
Planet or Planet Krypton..."*

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**DOCUMENTING
THESE
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